

# DEAF MUTES JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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## "FOLTZ'S FAIRYLAND"

Where I tarry  
In this way,  
That canny  
Ferry and Farry  
Make it merry  
Fairlyland!

Beauty, brains and brawn predominate amid the flora and fauna of "Foltz's Fairyland"—probably the most popular pastime of the deaf community of Utopia. This is the rendezvous of select silent "Intelligentsia," a private camp now holding its nineteenth annual convocation eighteen miles south of Wichita, Kan., on U. S. Highway 81.

Amateur dramatics, mock-trials, a rifle and revolver range, fishing, swimming, water games, horseback riding and a "daily newspaper," are some of the countless attractions. This latter is a one-issue hand-written masterpiece of local wit and humor, embellished with illustrations—either hand-drawn or pasted on. The pooled proteges of everyone in camp, it scintillates with refreshing repartee, like this:

Friendly, flea-bitten Farquhar, the camp prodigy, is again displaying his unrivaled technique as the luge dishwasher par excellence. Coming fully-equipped, F. O. B. Fulton, with free-wheeling features and sport-model dash, he ambidextrously washes three speeds forward without shifting gears. (And next time Folly detours when it comes to scrubbing that greasy griddle, "Jedge" Marshall promises to haul him up for drum-head court-martial.)

For seeming ages I had been jealously seething because I was never in the select list of luminaries invited to the Foltz camp—which, from the names of guests, I fancied must be the *knock-out* plus *ultra* of silent society. Now, when you day-dream too highly of a convention or other gathering, you are bound to be disappointed. The ones that linger longest in your memory are the ones you did not expect too much from in advance. Like Denver, '27.

For once I was disappointed in NOT being disappointed. Those Foltz camps are all that we Sons of the Golden Silence fancy paradise must be!

Amid a grove of walnut trees  
And elms, wide-spreading, green,  
With cottonwoods that tower, these  
Fine fancies fling wisdom keen—  
Spell placid platitudes of peace,  
Theory, theme and tune—  
In glory like to golden Greece,  
In grandeur like to Rome.

We rouse to the reveille of fire-crackers and firearms around eight each morning; breakfasting on sizzling flapjacks and typical country vittles. The girls take turns doing the day's cooking; boys rotate as dishwasher and wiper after every meal. Next comes the camp conference around the long chow-house table, as every one enthusiastically endeavors to "help" issue the morning edition of our daily "Fairlyland Follies." Its is surprising how many bright ideas and comical quips can be evolved when a dozen silents assemble and oil up their rusty brain cells. Those files of the "Follies" will make treasured mementos for Olathe in the long winter evenings ahead.

Foltz is nicknamed "Folly," and his "Fairlyland Follies" are full of folly, wit and humor. "Believe It or Not," hand-drawn in colors, bears such idiotic information as: "Topsy can't bark in the deaf-and-dumb language; Mittie wears more clothes when she sleeps than when she swims; Betty don't hold open the screen door to let the flies OUT; Cholly's Sears Roebuck mail-order tent didn't come by post-card." Any time you feel like editing an edition, in whole or in part, you are welcome. The "Fernande editions" issued by Miss Fern Dwyer, of Wichita and Mrs. Annette (Ed) Foltz, are on the familiar "confessions magazine" order. Editions assigned to Foltz or Farquhar every few days, have a refreshing stamp of typical originality.

The commissary committee goes in to conference meanwhile, then makes its daily drive to Belle Plaine—a wealthy one-hoss town four miles away—to replenish the larder. At noon comes a Piggly-Wiggly snack; then various pastimes while away the merry hours until the indicated swimming time.

Archery, rifle and revolver competition, horseshoe pitching, cards, and plain dohmpoolery may while away

the two hours necessary to settle our sandwiches before the afternoon aquatics. (By "cards," I don't mean the popular pastime of poker—for one of the very few camp rules, rigidly observed, is "No Gambling!") It is really surprising what excellent marksmen some of those rubes and rustics are. Fancied myself a dead-shot—at least among Big City silents; but both Foltz and Doctor mark up better target totals with rifle and revolver. I'm still trying to invent an alibi; can you help me out?)

Our water gambols are the highlights of camp life. The Ninescah River lolls lazily along, 100 yards distant; our springboard and diving hole are located 300 yards from camp. Several visitors from surrounding towns can generally be counted on to bob up for waterball teams. Water-baseball is the most popular pastime—either a sponge ball or a beach ball being batted by hand. Home plate is located near the shallow shore; second base is marked on the slippery bank under the diving board across the stream; first and third bases are calculated by dead-reckoning as located under outlying branches in mid-river. Exactitude in umpiring is impossible, but the general understanding on close plays is always "out." Straling bases by underwater swimming is strictly tab.

Weird plays are frequent. Bobbie Kaufmann bunted a home run on me, covering second. "Impossible," says you? Yeah? Listen. The sponge ball—same size as a baseball—plunked into the water near second; I made a diving stab at it—and missed. The ball never came up. My entire team came floundering frantically at signal, diving around hunting the pesky pellet. Bobbie had oceans of time to Ederle the circuit of the bases before some one found it—way in, in one of those holes under the overhanging bank, where foot-long fish take refuge.

After nine innings, other antics fill out the remainder of the luxuriously lazy afternoon. Tag, diving, water-polo, tumbling, wrestling, etc. At tag, Foltz—a veritable sea-elephant—is almost untaggable. Tremendous chest-expansion enables the expansive Folly to remain under water for fully a minute and a half at each dive; making tagging him a matter of mathematical luck. Whereon, some wag—like as not—will pen something like this for the next issue of the "daily":

J. F. (Judas) Meagher, Chicago's eminent liar-de-luxe, sprained his big toe by accidentally "tagging" submarinewise, the thick hide of E. S. (Everready Searchlight) Foltz, at our Coney Island, yesterday.

Following a heavy evening meal, comes the glad ensemble in "Pretzel Tabernacle," no two nights' programs being just alike. One evening was devoted to a side-splitting dramatic presentation of "Way Down East"—everyone getting a role, drawn by lot. Make-up was whatever outlandish togs struck individual fancy. Seven acts, five to ten minutes each. The director explained once, between acts, just what each was expected to do; leaving the rest to natural ability—or lack thereof. Some portrayals were surprising. Fancy the dignified and dapper Foltz himself, enacting the role of Farmer Hayseed to perfection—rolling his eyes in insane rapture as he mouths the magic word, "oil!" Or his wife, in the role of daughter, making mad love to the hired-man, Charles Marshall. (And I had fancied Annette "cold potato.") Foltz and Marshall played end positions on the same Gallaudet College football team; they are still accounted among the best pair of ends any college ever had, anywhere, anytime. Both made the mythical All South Atlantic eleven in the newspapers.

The most hysterical laugh of the evening came when 100-lb. Annette, flinging herself into the arms of the Herculean 180-lb. Marshall—physical director at the Illinois school—upset him so they came to earth with a crash; the fragile Annette on top. Somehow Marshall did not seem to enjoy the play, after that. He kept rubbing the back of his head—casting murderous glances at demure, doll-like little Mrs. Foltz.

"Murder" was a favorite evening game. This may be new to you, so listen closely and stage it at your next party or social. Can be played either indoors or out. One member of the party must have hearing. A

"detective" is chosen—in large groups better select two or three "dicks." He and the hearing party retire to another room, or to a tent, leaving the rest in complete darkness. The chairman has already secretly assigned someone to commit the "murder," who now proceeds to mix around, decides on the "victim," and proceeds to squeeze his arm three times. Feeling three squeezes, the victim waits a second or two—to enable the murderer to get away; then emits a loud yell and drops dead. Hearing the yell, the hearing party and the "dick" rush out with their lanterns; immediately everybody stands stock still, wherever they may be. The "dick" studies the scene; memorizing it; he bids everybody take seats in a circle, and proceeds to question each suspect on what they did, saw, felt, heard, think. Each must tell the truth—except the real "murderer." This man lies all he pleases. The "dick" has all the time he wants to draw his deductions, and has three guesses as to who is the guilty party. Sounds easy. But try it. A cross-eyed bozo is the hardest to detect. Another man then takes his turn at being "detective," while the man last "murdered" secretly selects the next "murderer."

Around midnight, a snack of lunch is self-served, prior to retiring. Mosquitoes are *non est*. Nights pleasantly cool. Air most refreshing, compared to the smoke-smeared ozone of Chicago.

We dare to dart, all free from dancing dangers—  
No brass buzz-bug drives us "buggy" here.  
The world apart; no glares from glancing strangers  
Invade our Bohemian atmosphere.  
We dine like kings on crispy, fresh-fried fishes!  
Heck! I forgot! My turn to wash the dishes!

"Fairlyland" consists of 1-3-acre, on a 400-acre farm owned by the father of Edward Shafer Foltz, extending a half-mile along United States Highway 81. The farm is tenanted by Joe Kauffman, the smiling young Wichita delegate to the Boston Fair convention, who bids us help ourselves to all the vegetables, cantelopes and water-melons we want. Our little kingdom, fenced in from stray live-stock, is a quarter-mile from the highway, out of sight; and here we live our own lives—as free from interruption as though marooned on a Hawaiian isle. All the comforts of civilization and none of its drawbacks.

The tranquil Ninescah in winter becomes a raging river, inundating camp grounds to the depth of ten feet, and at one time halting Santa Fe transcontinental trains for five days. So no permanent buildings can be erected. Characteristic signs garland the glad-some grove. The chow house is labeled "Quick Filling Station, Shell (oil) Oil." This is a portable screen-house, with seating space for ten diners, a three-burner oil-stove, sunken ice-box, etc. Also serves us as a welcome haven on nights when delegates and visitors to the Grand Convention of Buggs and minutae, almost drown out the light from four powerful Coleman gasoline lanterns—each as bright as a 60-watt electric bulb. Some of those bugs are mean—mean no good to innocent tenderfeet. There is one particularly beautiful species, half-inch long, with vivid stripes of Princeton's orange and black, called "blister bug." And rightly—for let one of them kiss you, and next day you have a painful, blister-like sore, from one to three inches in area.

The lovely ladies slumber on cots in the tent labeled "Y. W. C. A.," while the men in a tent marked "Eta Beta Pi Frat House"—on a heavy axminster rug thrown over a big bed of fresh hay. Two smaller tents are labeled "Red Cross Hospital," and "Kappa Gamma Citadel." This last is for visitors to don swim togs; but when some sacrilegious wag hung up three cantelopes outside the ridge-pole—like a pawnbroker's sign—the Kappa Gamma ensign was speedily removed.

I wonder why?

"Ritz Washroom" consists of an old marble Pullman basin-top and some planks—located just abaft the pump. That battered, gilded mirror is historic—it is part of an ornate Wichita saloon smashed by Carrie Nation, thirty years ago. A semaphoric arm marked "stop, Road Closed, Detour," is worked at a gate in the fence, where a path leads out in the cornfields—terminating at an old-fashioned, back-

yard telephone-booth, of the type immortalized by the late J. Whitcomb Riley.

The Kansas clouds are rolling, purple-pink, in proud parade;  
The sunset sky's in motley for its huge Harlequinade.  
Our drowsy days drift dreamily to swing of silent song  
And lullaby, blithesome, glad some games—which while the hours along.

Clever rustic architecture abounds, chiefly at the gate and "Pretzel Tabernacle"—a miniature Grecian amphitheatre beneath the wide-spreading trees, with old auto seats for cushions. At the stage-end of the horseshoe-amphitheatre is a "Hanging Gardens of Babylon"—a rustic swing, always an enticing trap for each new visitor. Dirty trick. The seat bends, imprisoning you so that assistance, aid and succor is necessary before you can extricate your sitting-machinery from its cruel clutches. Swimming time each day is indicated by an old clock, set by El Sultan of Sweat. A bulletin board, with its notices, posters, received, and the "daily newspaper," completes this unique rendezvous. Most of the rustic-work was hand-made by Frank Doctor.

Although Eddie Foltz owns the camp, he never in one single instance assumes the overbearing arrogance most of us would, in like situations. He himself does more of the chores than any other individual. Suave, accommodating, a born-gentleman in every respect, he never even discourses on his remarkable record as football coach. In sixteen years of coaching, this "Rockne of Deaf Coaches" has lost but one football game to a deaf school.

Contrary to my preconceived idea of camp-life, there is absolutely no "pairing-off." Aside from the daily "Coney Island" swims, and occasional trips to town, everyone seems content to congregate in the cushioned tabernacle and wig-wag facile fingers from morn to midnight.

Accustomed to the modernist trend of talk—as exemplified by Chicago Silentdom—the good, clean, old-fashioned convention here is gloriously comparative. Makes a fellow feel he has experienced a brain-bath. If you get what I mean.

"Fairlyland" is a few miles from the famous Alder Orchards—400 acres which ships some 150,000 bushels of apples yearly. Old Alder's daughter, Melba, who used to drop in for a swim at Fairlyland, years ago, has since become a famous singer with the Metropolitan Opera, in New York.

The Fairlylanders this year, as I recall, represented a wide range—from the Pacific coast to Chicago. Melville Davidson, in business for himself as a contractor and house-builder, in and around San Francisco, was one. Charlie Marshall, his wife—"Mittie the Mite"—and kid, came from Jacksonville, Ill. The brilliant Grover Cleveland Farquhar and his almost-as-brilliant Ethelinda, from Fulton, Mo. A bewitching Wichita blonde, bright as a dollar and a natural-born poetess, was Miss Fern Dwyer, aged twenty-seven. What a "catch" she would make for some young chap. Frank Doctor, Ed Foltz and his wife, Annette, and Ann's kid sister, Zelma, hailed from Olathe.

Among many occasional visitors here is a weather-worn oil-worker out of work—cheerful old chap named Bill Wait. Wait was catcher for Luther "Dummy" Taylor, when both were schoolmates, and afterwards caught Taylor in the minor leagues until McGraw signed Luther for his New York Giants, where he was one of the immortal five fingers—Matthewson, McGinty-Taylor-Wilts-Ames. Wait married Taylor's sister. By the way, Taylor has just resigned from the Iowa school, where he had been coach and supervisor ever since leaving the Buffalo team about 1910—whither McGraw had released him in 1908.

McGraw had released him in 1908. I hear the Taylors have bought a nice place in the Ozark mountains of Missouri—on an auto highway, where they plan to establish a barbecue stand, or something, and pass their declining days in peace and plenty. If Taylor will capitalize on his "rep" as sole survivor of the memorable Matty-McGinty-Taylor trio, he should clean up.

Foltz picked up a camp-phenomenon—able and eager to do anything (except get up in time for breakfast) in the person of Frank Doctor, the Kansas supervisor. Frank is the deaf brother of Prof. Powrie Vaux Doctor, the

Gallaudet College professor, who had been nursed by her daughter in New Smyrna for several months, has so recovered as to return to her family here. Her many friends are hoping for her speedy recovery.

Jacksonville regrets to lose one of its deaf residents in the person of Mrs. Grace Lester, who has moved to Miami, where her son lives. She has made a host of friends during her stay in this city.

Owing to a steady increase in the deaf population, a movement is being under way to secure a successor to Nathan Harris, who formed a Baptist Bible class and was its teacher for some time. Mr. Harris moved to Flint, Michigan, last year.

Gainesville is the most accessible place in point of automotive travel, having seven different roads. Taking advantage of one of these roads, Mr. and Mrs. William Brookmire, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gholdston, of Atlanta, Ga., and Peter Dignan, Jr., of Jacksonville, motored on August 8th, from the Gateway of the South to spring a surprise on Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kelly. Later the entire party left in two cars for Ocala, where they visited the famed Silver Springs. While there, they were passengers on a glass-bottomed boat and saw many beautiful objects of marine beauty. Before returning home, they drove to Island Grove to call on Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carlton. Altogether the party enjoyed every minute of their all-day visit.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Mills and two children, of Weirsdale, and Robert Fosnot, of Fort Pierce, stopped long enough to visit their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kelly, on August 9th, enroute from Hampton to their respective homes. Mr. Mills' sister lives in Hampton, having moved from Johnsonville. Mr. Fosnot will be joined by his family at East Lake, where they will remain with relatives before going back to Fort Pierce, before the opening of school. The Kellys are always glad to meet their friends who may chance to stop in Gainesville.

As guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm Brookmire at a dinner in Jacksonville on August 16th were Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kelly, of this city, Mr. and Mrs. John W. McCandles, of Mississippi, Mrs. Charles Manire, Peter Dignan, Jr., Miss Mary McGowan, all of Jacksonville. Mr. McCandles is a native of Ireland, but was educated in the United States. Mrs. McCandles was Miss Clarkson, of South Carolina, before marriage. The latter two have been reappointed to teach in the Jackson (Miss.) school for the deaf this coming term.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Mills, of Archer, not far from here, were vacationizing three weeks of July in Georgia.

Charles Manire, employed on the Daily News for several years, has accepted a position in Jacksonville with his former employer and will enter upon his duties this month. A visit of more than passing interest was paid to this city on August 20th by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCandles, of Jackson, Miss., who were piloted here by Mrs. Annie Nelson and her brother, Edward, of Plant City.

Mr. and Mrs. McCandles were returning home from Columbia, S. C., the home town of the latter, where they spent a part of their summer vacation.

Miss Carolina Tillinghast, a student at the Clark School in Northampton, Mass., and a granddaughter of David R. Tillinghast, is getting ready to go back to her studies after having enjoyed a summer vacation with her mother in this city.

In Dunedin, near Clearwater, there is a deaf resident by the name of John G. Hanna, a New York product. He lists as his profession, naval architecture, in which he has majored the past three years.

Miss Mary Kastner, accompanied by her father and mother, returned home July 30th, from Maunston, Wis., where they sojourned a month with their relatives.

The home in Cincinnati of Mr. and Mrs. Boake was gladdened on August 10th by the arrival of a boy baby. Mrs. Boake was, prior to her marriage, Susie Williams and she lived in Seminole, a short distance

from this community. The mother and baby are doing fine, according to late reports.

It is hoped that St. Petersburg will be included in the itinerary of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tong, of Grelton, Ohio, when they come to Florida to spend the winter season.

Our old-time winter residents are soon hieing from their Northern homes to bask themselves once again in sunshine, on which Florida has the whole nation beaten to a frazzle.

FLASHLETS

Some six years ago, Cyrus B. Sproul, of near Crescent City, dropped out of sight and no clue of his whereabouts could be found until lately, when it was learned authentically that he married an Illinois deaf lady and they made their permanent home in the famous Ozarks, near Rogers, Ark., where, despite the weight of seventy years on his body, Mr. Sproul is engaged in truck farming, the occupation of which he had pursued in Florida nearly forty-three years. He has many friends in this State who will be delighted to know that he and his wife are enjoying a life of contentment and happiness.

The 1932 edition of the Florida Directory of the Deaf will be off the press some time in October. The proceeds of the sale will go to the auto fund of the Florida Mission for the Deaf, which supervises the publication of the book at St. Cloud.

As the Flashes are being broadcast, no decision has been reached regarding the location of the annual Labor Day picnic, but it is believed that the affair will be pulled off at Macs Beach in Auburndale, instead of Lake Bonnie, between Bartow and Mulberry, as at first proposed. Macs Beach is preferable, because of less crowded traffic, and those going there will find it a very desirable place to enjoy the day of rest and recreation.

Of extensive improvements being made on the Dixie Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf at Moultrie, seven miles south of St. Augustine, the following to say: "We have made satisfactory arrangements to start immediate repairs on the plumbing, installing hot water tanks and making all necessary repairs in the entire plumbing system. Also the repairing of the entire roof and replastering broken spots on the inside walls where the plaster has fallen from leaks in the roof. We also arranged for the purchase of fertilizer and seeds enough to start the farm work.

The ground has already been plowed and put in condition for immediate planting, and the caretaker informs us that by the time we move down there in October there will be plenty of fresh vegetables to eat. When our Home is opened, our inmates can surely live well from the products grown on the place. There will be very little to buy, except sugar, coffee, etc. We want to add several cows to the Home later on, as we have the money. The Home needs all kinds of house furnishings, such as dishes, kitchenware, table linens, towels, etc. As the Home is located seven miles from the city, to which numerous trips will have to be made to and from the Home, pressure has been brought to bear on the county commissioners to improve the road between the two points, with encouraging results, that work on the road is promised in the near future. In casting about for a manager to take charge of the Home on such short notice, the Association fell back on the executive ability of its secretary, Mrs. C. L. Jackson, who plans to go to Moultrie next fall to get things in shape for its opening, as soon as lighting and other fixtures have been attended to. "The transfer of the Home to the Association was made with the provision that if after five years from the date of the signing of the contract the Dixie Association has not carried on the work for which the Home was acquired, the property shall revert to the donors."

Mrs. Ora H. Blanchard, of Los Angeles, Cal., will be the house guest of her chum in Miami for one month, enroute back home after concluding her vacation trip to the East.

F. E. P.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1931

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor  
WM. A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS  
One Copy, one year, \$2.00  
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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.  
Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL  
Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves.  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### "Safety First."

How widespread the precautions advised by the health officials, in view of the spread of infantile paralysis, we are not able to say, but here in New York City, and neighboring sections the opening of public schools has been postponed until September 23d.

No alarm seems to exist that the malady will become seriously epidemic, but the safety of the children is paramount and reasonable precautions are justified. In New York the average attendance at public and private schools is considerably over a million, and sanitary conditions are as perfect as it is possible to make them. But the possibility of contagion has decided the authorities to adhere to the much quoted motto of "safety first."

The New York (Fanwood) school, and we believe the Lexington Avenue, the St. Joseph and the Fordham schools, have extended their vacation period till September 22d, in accordance with the decision embracing public schools.

Infantile paralysis is a dread affliction, and sometimes results in a permanent deformity. The present epidemic, which seems to be rapidly declining, has been of mild character as compared with former epidemics of this malady. The proportion of deaths has been quite small, and a great many have fully recovered, where in former days they might have been crippled for life. The advances made in medical science, skillful nursing, and exceptionally good sanitation, should receive due credit.

In regard to deaf children, the means provided to safeguard their health are better in residential schools than at schools that they attend only a few hours of each day, and then mingle indiscriminately with the crowds on their way home to spend the rest of the day and night. At the institutions their health and moral surroundings are superior, and there is no danger of contamination.

They are given a well-rounded educational training, a careful and liberal supervision, under methods of instruction adapted to their individual requirements, to the end that their handicap of deafness shall be reduced to the minimum, and their lives in the world of workers may prove useful and happy. Parents and public officials should not be confused by the camouflage that surrounds a single method of instruction, but should ponder the advantage to the child as well as to the community at large.

THE DEAF OF FRANCE have started a movement to aid M. Henri Gaillard, editor of *La Gazette des Sourds-Muets*, to provide funds for the very great expense incurred by his illness. He was an outspoken friend of the deaf of

Europe and aided much their general progress and welfare. His visits on important missions to big conventions in this country, have gained him many admirers, some of whom will gladly contribute a dollar or two to the fund being raised. The money may be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and will be publicly acknowledged in printed bulletin.

Mr. Gaillard's sickness has been of a year's duration, but he is said to be slowly recovering.

## BOSTON

The Hebrew Association of the Deaf held their fourth annual outing at Salisbury Beach on Sunday, August 9th. A fairly large group attended despite the threatening weather. Several braved the chilly waters. Games were played. Many visitors from Lowell, Haverhill and Lawrence, coming in private autos, were present at the outing.

Misses Yvonne Leger and Cora Canning, both of Windsor, N. S., left for their home on August 16th. They had been in Boston for a month, visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. L. Taylor, of Cambridge. They took in the recent Hub convention, and also the H. A. D. outing.

Mrs. Frieda Miller recently returned from a three weeks' vacation at Mrs. J. Ebin's cottage at Sea Cliff, L. I. Mrs. Ebin was to have accompanied her back to Boston for a short stay, but was suddenly taken ill, and had to undergo a surgical operation.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Kessler (Bessie Tuck) are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a wee daughter on August 7th. It is their second-child and first daughter.

Mr. George Freedman spent a couple of weeks, vacationing at Sandy Beach, Worcester.

While the Massachusetts Benevolent Association boys had their monthly meeting on the 22d, Mrs. Louis Snyder invited a few of their wives for a game of bridge. A very pleasant time was had by all.

The Boston Oral Club had their outing at Ipswich Bluffs on August 16th. About fifty people were present. Movie reels were taken by Mrs. V. Hull, of those who were in action. Refreshments were served, and swimming and games were enjoyed by all.

Sunday, the 30th, a few members of the Boston Silent Club had a motorboat ride from Jeffries Point Wharf to Back River, Weymouth. Upon their arrival, they hiked to the nearest beach, and went in swimming. Games were played later.

The Bridge Club girls had their "get together" at the home of Miss Etta Wilson on the 29th. Miss Spiatt and Mrs. A. Brehon won the prizes, the former a crocheted cover box of stationery, and the latter a fountain pen and pencil. The members of this club are the Mesdames Bachner, Weinberg, Snyder, Kornblum, Miller, and the Misses Spiatt, Weiss and Wilson. It was decided to begin the weekly bridge in October, with the first meeting at the home of Mrs. Bachner.

Messrs. Aaron Kravitz and Chester Heeger are attending the convention at Portland, Maine, during the Labor Day week-end.

Mr. Michael Kornblum is spending the week-end in New York, visiting his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Castelline and baby motored to Providence, R. I., for the week-end, to visit the former's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Miller entertained a number of friends at their home on the 28th.

Mrs. E. Alexander and daughter spent their vacation at Kennerly, Mass.

Mrs. Gertrude Goldman is recovering from her recent illness, having had an appendicitis operation.

The friends of Sam Gouner will be glad to learn that his mother is now at home, and well on the road to recovery. She recently underwent an operation.

The Fall reopening whist party will be given by the H. A. D. at their clubhouse, 108 Seaver Street, Roxbury, on September 30th, at 8 P.M. Everyone is welcome.

On October 17th, the first banquet of the B. S. C. will be given at Gilbert Hall, Tremont Temple on 82 Tremont Street, Boston, to celebrate their fifth anniversary.

On September 17th, the Horace Mann Alumni Association will have their regular meeting at the school, 27 Kearsage Street, Roxbury. The regular business will be transacted. Plans for the banquet to be held on November 14th will be discussed. They will have a bundle whist party at the Egyptian Parlors, 12 Franklin Street, Allston, on September 26th. All members and friends are urged to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Segel returned to their home in Dorchester, after spending most of the summer at Revere Beach.

Misses E. Weiss and E. Wilson motored with a few friends to a camp near Concord, N. H., for a couple of days on August 15th.

HENRI

How critical we are of faults in others; how tolerant we are of our own follies!

## Los Angeles, Cal.

The silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin T. Dyson was celebrated at eight o'clock the evening of August 25th. The affair was arranged by Mesdames T. L. Marsden, C. H. Doane and R. Bingham, who invited about 100 friends of the Dysons, and nearly all were present. Mr. and Mrs. Dyson were seated on the stage then Mrs. Marsden explained the reason for the reception. Rev. Clarence Webb then addressed them, making congratulatory and "joshing" remarks, and ended by wishing they might live to celebrate the golden anniversary. Mrs. Marsden showed the big cake made by Mrs. Julius Bente and several beautiful silver presents. A number who decided not to get individual presents made up a purse of nineteen dollars as a gift. Mr. and Mrs. Dyson were asked to make speeches. Mrs. Dyson responding with a few earnest words of thanks, but Mr. Dyson was more talkative. He told of leaving Ohio as a young man and locating in San Francisco in 1906. He got a job at a club and was introduced to Josie, a charming California girl. They were engaged just before the earthquake of 1906, and after this catastrophe, Alvin's first thought was to look for Josie, and found her uninjured. He was now jobless and came to Los Angeles, which was at that time not equalling San Francisco in population and commerce. Almost at once he got work here and wrote the fair Josie to come, painting the attractions of Los Angeles in glowing terms. So she left the chaos of San Francisco and they were married here, and some years later bought their home in the suburb, Inglewood, where they have lived ever since. They have two bright children, a son and daughter. The latter was married some years ago, and the Dysons are proud and happy over their only grandchild.

Mrs. Martha Moeller and her sister left recently for a visit at Seattle, Wash. Then her friends were surprised at the announcement that she was married there to Mr. A. Kobenstein, who recently spent a month in Los Angeles and vicinity, coming to see his son, who was in the navy.

Mrs. Vinnie Burson's birthday was on August 14th and her friend Mrs. Jennie Weller arranged a lovely birthday party for her. She was assisted by Mrs. Burson's daughter, Eva, at whose home the party was held. It was an afternoon party, and after giving Mrs. Burson lovely presents the ladies played "500," at which first prize was won by Mrs. Addie Owen and second by Mrs. L. H. Wilder, and then followed the serving of delicious refreshments.

Mrs. Jennie Weller, with her daughter and son-in-law and their two children, recently returned from a five-days' camp, near Mono Lake, in the high Sierras. Mrs. Weller says she loved the out-door life, and the scenery; their route took them over the famed Tioga Pass.

Mrs. Brysis Hodges' birthday was on August 20th. She is the hearing daughter of Mrs. Grace Noah, who invited some of the deaf who are well acquainted with her for a party that evening. Mrs. Hodges was genuinely surprised; she thought her mother's actions a little strange that afternoon, but didn't suspect what she was arranging.

After a while they played "500," at which first prizes were won by Mrs. Hodges and Mr. Barrett, and second prizes by Mr. and Mrs. Reddick. Mrs. Hodges was given a cash present and said she would buy something as a reminder of these friends.

The two friends then served delicious refreshments. Later Mrs. Hodges bought herself an electric waffle iron as her present.

Plans are being perfected for the stylish wedding on September 5th, of Miss Laura Ellis to Frank E. Burger, at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather in Glendale, Cal. Miss Ellis, the only child of deaf parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ellis, who lived many years in Los Angeles, but now reside in Glendale.

The deaf here were shocked and saddened when the news spread that Mrs. Cecile Smith had committed suicide shortly after midnight of August 29th. She had been at the benefit-entertainment of the California Association of the Deaf and then with her husband and other friends had gone to a small party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reid.

It was there in the bathroom that she drank lysol. Rushed to a hospital, she died on way there, without explaining her rash act, but as she has been in poor health that was probably the cause. She was a pretty woman 28 years old. She leaves a devoted husband, Glen Smith, to whom she was married a few years ago. The funeral was held in the suburb of Sawtelle, where her relatives live. Mrs. Brysis Hodges acted as interpreter and the interment was in Inglewood Cemetery.

The Literary Chairman of the Los Angeles Silent Club, Mrs. Augusta Barrett, prepared the program for August 22d as the club's little bit of the celebration of the Fiesta de Los Angeles. She told the story of the founding of Los Angeles on Sept. 4th, 1781, by Governor Felipe De Neve and twelve families of settlers. Most

all of the deaf pioneers of Los Angeles were present and several gave interesting talks telling how the city looked on their arrival.

Mr. Ould has been here 38 years. When he arrived there were 50,000 inhabitants, now the population is close to 1,250,000! Mr. Norman Lewis has been here 45 years. Another interesting talk was by Mrs. Norman Lewis. Mr. Zach B. Thompson gave a talk on some of the original street names which were all Spanish.

According to the plan of the city of Los Angeles surveyed by E. C. C. Ord, Lieut. U. S. A., and his assistant, William R. Hutton, August 29th, 1849, the following streets were recognized by both an English and Spanish name as follows:—

Calle Principal	Main Street
Calle Primavera	Spring Street
Calle Fortin	Fort Street
Calle Loma	Hill Street
Calle de Aetuna	Olive Street
Calle de la Caridad	Charity Street
Calle de las Esperanzas	Hope Street
Calle de las Flores	Flower Street

These streets are still the heart of Los Angeles, with only two changes. Fort Street, which took its name from Old Fort Moore, or Fremont's Earth Works, is now Broadway, and Charity Street is now Grand Avenue. Mr. Thompson's paper had much other information of local interest.

Mr. J. W. Barrett told of the great fight for Los Angeles Harbor during the '90's, when Senator S. White finally won the harbor for San Pedro over the interests, who wanted it at Santa Monica. The next speaker was Mrs. W. F. Schneider, who talked of "Rise and Fall of the Missions." This program was quite a revelation to the many newcomers.

The entertainment on August 29th, for the benefit of the Convention Fund, was a great success attended by over 200 people. Admission was only fifty cents, including the supper and movie. At this writing plans for the Convention are a reception opens Friday morning, no meeting in afternoon, to allow members, to view the Grand Historical Parade, "California Under Four Flags," depicting the history of California for 150 years. Convention meetings Friday night and Saturday, and all clubs keep open house Saturday night.

ABRAM HALL

## OMAHA

Greetings from Pennsylvania were received by a number of the local deaf from Miss Irene Schifino, fiancée of Edwin M. Hazel. She is now at home, after a very pleasant visit here. The couple will be married at the home of the bride's parents in Pittsburgh, September 12th. We shall be glad to welcome her into our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Paden are the happy parents of a 9½-pound baby boy, born Tuesday, August 11th. The little one has been named Bernard Frank Paden. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Long entertained a jolly little party Tuesday evening, August 18th, in honor of George L. Revers and his fiancée, Miss Mary Diehl, of Bethany, Okla. Two tables at bridge were played, followed by an old-fashioned Dutch lunch.

Miss Wanda Marziale, who has been visiting in Omaha the past several weeks, the guest of Edmund Berney's mother, left for home Tuesday, August 18th.

Riley E. Anthony was honored at a surprise birthday party, Thursday evening, July 16th. To ward off all suspicion, his wife held the party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Clayton.

There was a big picnic on Sunday, July 26th, at Harwarden, Ia., about forty miles north of Sioux City. It was given by the deaf of South Dakota and Minnesota. The receipts were split 50-50, to help build a Lutheran church in Minnesota. Over 100 were present from South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska. From Omaha were the O. M. Treukes, and Anton Netusils, of Council Bluffs, and from Lincoln, the J. M. Chovins and Mrs. Edith O'Brien, and from Cedar Bluffs, the George Thomsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Jelinek entertained at dinner, Friday, August 14th, for Miss Wanda Marziale, of Chicago, and Edmund Berney.

While calling on the Robert Mullins, Wednesday evening, October 12th, Miss Mary Diehl, of Oklahoma, were asked to sit pretty, and "bang!" went Mr. Mullin's favorite camera. The following Saturday, they found their picture in the evening *Bee News*, with an interesting story by a reporter. Mr. Mullins is an excellent publicity agent for the deaf of Omaha.

HALL AND MEL.

Mrs. Jack Ebin, who was operated on for appendicitis successfully last month, is back at her bungalow at Sea Cliff. Jack, her hubby, was in town on Thursday last to preside at the Board meeting of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, of which he is president. He had one of his fingers bandaged, caused by an accident while adjusting a linotype machine.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Christoffers announces the marriage of her daughter, Flora, to Mr. Al Wirshberg, on Thursday, September 3d, 1931. They are now on their way to Bermuda to spend their honeymoon. They are both products of the Fanwood school. The young lady only graduated a few years ago. Mr. Wirshberg, who learned the rudiments of printing at Fanwood, is a regular compositor in the New York Sun.

Viola Schwing, Anna Rohlfing Angelina Dursio, Mollie Adelman, Malvina Balacai, Catherine O'Brien, Irene Gourdeau, Celia Kalanowitz, Sylvia Auerbach, Rose DeGuglielmo, Carmella Palazatta and Lucy Tichenor went to Jones Beach by a truck, through the kindness of Viola Schwing's hearing friend. Irene Gourdeau met her friends—the Misses Alma Smith and Eleanor Swenson, who have blossomed into young ladies. They all had a rip-roaring time, and will never forget the trip for the rest of their lives.

On Sunday, August 30th, at the Clark's Camp, Arverne, L. I., the boys indulged in a game of water polo. Among the players was Harry Gillen. The game was interesting before the accident that befell Mr. Gillen happened. Whether it was a piece of broken glass or an oyster shell, we are not informed. While he was in the water battling for his side, he was cut on the right foot, which necessitated four stitches to close up the wound. Harry is now temporarily laid up.

The visitors at the camp on that Sunday were Misses Nettie Miller, Ione Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peters and Miss Havens.

Prof. Peter Hughes, instructor in the school for the deaf at Fulton, Mo., arrived in New York from his Mediterranean cruise on Friday, August 27th, and called to pay his respects to Mrs. Max M. Lubin, one of his classmates, but unfortunately she was at that time on her vacation in the Catskills, so the next day Mr. Hughes, accompanied by Mr. Max Lubin, motored there. The meeting was a very cordial one.

On September 1st, the Board of Governors of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League held their monthly business meeting. Like in business, the depression has been felt by the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, but with coming fall and winter, they are looking forward to the expected prosperity, which many wise men have said is just around the corner.

Mrs. Reuben Lieber and her son, who have been at Swan Lake, N. Y., since June 6th, returned home on August 30th. They both gained in weight and had a swell time.

The Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D., held their monthly business meeting in the Union League Hall, on Wednesday, September 2d. There were present several Frats from other Divisions, among them Brother Franz L. Ascher, of Springfield Division No. 67. After the conclusion of the routine of business, he was invited to address the meeting.

Mrs. Leone Schatzkin attended a "500" at the home of Mrs. Ruby Left, on Saturday afternoon, August 29th. Then, in company of Mrs. Helen Greenberg, Mrs. Doris Cohen and Mrs. Dora Kenner, was invited to dine at "Baugate's Restaurant," only to be confronted with some twenty other friends, gathered to surprise her. Was she? Just ask her! The occasion was to signalize the fact that it was a "housewarming party" in her honor, whereas she was presented with a useful gift. All later repaired to her beautiful residence nearby and spent the rest of the evening as only ladies know how.

H. A. D.

All the deaf of the Hebrew faith are invited to attend the New Year Holy Day Services of the H. A. D., which will be held at the beautiful Temple Emanu-El, 1 East 65th Street, near Fifth Avenue, this Friday evening, September 12th, at 10 A.M. No tickets required.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kurtz, who has been in a hospital for three weeks under observation for fear she had contracted the dreaded infantile paralysis, which has spread throughout the country, and which the Board of Health have decided to have the opening of the public schools postponed for one week. We are informed by her proud papa, that she has been discharged from the hospital in the best possible health. "An ounce of prevention is worth thousands in doctors' bills."

Hyman Gordon, last week, returned home from a vacation spent in the Blue Ridge Mountains of West Virginia. Mr. Gordon is the chairman of the athletic committee of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf.

The father of Mr. Joseph Schultz passed away last week.

Labor Day week-end visitors at Ocean Grove, N. J., were Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Haight, Mrs. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wolgamot, Mr. and Mrs. Nimmo, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Guy Selleck, Mr. W. H. Rose, Mr. Shea, Mr. Salmon, Mr. Manus, Mr. and Mrs. Mellis, Miss Clara Breese, Miss Bogart, Miss Flo Wakefield, Miss Hoder and Miss Haloran.

The exodus of vacationists back to New York City on Labor Day had a party on the Saugerties boat, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Donovan and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. Carr and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Plapinger and daughters, Mrs. Max Lubin and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Renner and son.

Benjamin Shafranek, of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, is looking ahead thus early for the coming basketball season. He is trying to secure a hall and arrange a big game which will be worthwhile attending.

Mrs. Frank Brown, of Syracuse, N. Y., sister of Mrs. Ed. Left, arrived in the city, on Friday, September 4th, to remain for a few days the guest of the Lefts.

Mrs. Nathan Dobseavage, who has been for several days at Long Branch, N. J., also took trips to Asbury Park, Red Bank and West End, N. J.

Michael Brown, who went West about two months ago, is back in New York. He intended to stay in Chicago, but was unable to secure employment there.

A party of four spent last Sunday at Atlantic City. They are Charles Levine, Michael Schulman and Solomon Isaacson. Three of them spent the whole afternoon on the Steel Pier. They say one day is not enough at this famous seashore.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Daniels, of Lynn, Mass., spent the week-end of Labor holidays, in New York. In the evening of Sunday, September 6th, they were visitors at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

Abraham Barj is the latest to have a finger cut. This happened last Wednesday night, while he was opening a soda water bottle.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nesgood were recently at Ellenville, Ulster County, a place famed for its scenic beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Bly, of West Haven, Ct., spent the week-end of Labor Day in New York.

Miss Margaret Grossman and her mother are spending the week in Niagara Falls and Canada.

Michael Kornblum, of Boston, Mass., was in the city Labor Day.

## St. Louis

The daughters of Mrs. Kate Blevins gave their mother a surprise birthday party on the 29th, at her home. Their rooms were packed like sardines, which made it hard to play the games. There were plenty of presents and good wishes showered on Mrs. Blevins. After the eats, the crowd began to dwindle, because several made a long trip to be present and had to go earlier. The remaining crowd found some room to play games until a late hour. All had a good time in spite of the crowd. Several were glad to meet old friends that they had not seen for a long time.

The Gallaudet Club meets Saturday, September 12th, to elect new officers. We look for a lively time— which is usual on an election evening. We hope all the members will be present.

On August 28th, the Silent Beroans of the Union Avenue Christian Church had a monthly social with over 250 deaf and hearing people present. It being a reception to all who are going to school, especially those who are going to Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C., the church parlor was beautifully decorated with tissue paper, with one electric display, made by Mr. Charles Turecek, with the words, "Welcome to the Silent Beroans," which made a striking impression on all present, inviting them to be members of the Bible Class, that meets every Sunday evening at 7 P.M., with Rev. Barclay Meador as the teacher and Mrs. O. A. Schneider is the interpreter. The following gentlemen made short talks orally, which were interpreted by the interpreter: Rev. Barclay Meador, Superintendent H. E. Day, of the school for the deaf at Fulton, Mo., Rev. Marion Stevenson, of the Christian Publication Co., Rev. Edgar E. Schluter, of New Jersey, who has been sojourning in our city for several weeks, Mr. B. A. Cauch, a deacon of the church, and Rev. and Mrs. Elmer A. Necland, of the University Christian Church, who sang orally with our interpreter, which was highly appreciated. Mr. Earl Bueltman signed "America," and Mr. and Mrs. C. Turecek, a duet. All did very well. Those who are going to Gallaudet College are Miss Mary B. Worsham and Mr. Ernest O. Stack, who attended the school for the deaf at Fulton, Mo. Mr. Day made a strong impression on going to college, what they should do, and what they should do after leaving college. We all thanked him for making the trip to our social. Mr. Day said that

those going to college will go through without any handicaps. Messrs. Fry, Turecek and Stafford were on the program committee and Mesdames Fry, Turecek and Stafford were on the refreshment committee. Misses Turecek and Schneider were on the games committee. The cakes, which were all home-made and very fine, were donated by the ladies of the Silent Beroans. The ice-cream was donated by the church Sunday School.

There was plenty to eat and some left-overs. One of the cakes, beautifully decorated, donated by Mrs. Earl Turner, was so pretty that the committee did not feel like cutting it, so they gave it to the teacher of the class to take home. All surely had a very good time, with a large crowd, and thanked the committee who made it a success. Look out for its next monthly social, which will be Friday, September 25th.

Mr. Geo. Roeder has been overhauling Mr. Edw. Miller's Chevrolet, and Mr. Earl Turner has repaired Mr. William Stafford's Ford. Both are good mechanics, and those having cars should see them.

Mr. William Williams, of 523 Illinois Avenue, East St. Louis, Ill., was killed by a speeding automobile August 30th. The automobile driver claims that he walked into the path of his car.

REXV.

## OHIO

The Columbus Dispatch celebrated its sixtieth anniversary August 30th, and among the many historical items in the large edition was one about the founding of the Ohio School for the Deaf. This came about through the efforts of a great Presbyterian minister, Rev. James Hoge. At the last reunion in 1929, celebrating the 100th anniversary of the school, a large portrait of Dr. Hoge was presented to the school by his great granddaughter, Mrs. Foster Copeland, of Columbus, and it now hangs in the main hall of the school. The first school opened in 1829 with only three pupils. In 1864, the cornerstone was laid for the present building, and last year 500 students were in attendance.

St. Rita School for the Deaf, near Cincinnati, will have an all-day outing September 7th, at the school, to raise funds to reduce the indebtedness on the school with Louis B. Esselman as general chairman.

From a newspaper item of August 26th, I learned that the Kentucky School suffered a five thousand dollars' loss from fire in the carpenter, and shoe shops and printing plant. The fire, of unknown origin, started in the carpenter shop.

Mr. Crutch, of Detroit, on his way to his home in Frankfort, Ky., made a stop to visit Mr. and Mrs. L. Bacheberle in Norwood, a suburb of Cincinnati. Mr. Crutch, like many others, has been out of employment for many months.

Here it is September and the unemployment situation remains unchanged. To make matters worse, some of the largest building and loan companies are refusing to let depositors withdraw their money. This probably is to ward off runs on the companies.

In the presence of the immediate families and a few friends, Miss Mildred Eschelman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Eschelman, of East Fulton St., Columbus, was united in marriage to Mr. Howard Morgan Jones, of Columbus, on August 29th. A cousin of the groom read the ceremony in Central Methodist Church. A wedding lunch was served at the Athletic Club. The couple are on a motor trip through Canada and after September 15th, will make their home in Columbus. Mr. Jones is an attorney with offices on Gay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zorn have announced the marriage of their youngest daughter, Louise, which took place in April and was kept a secret.

Miss Juliana Clum has been in California during the summer.

Friends were sorry to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schwartz, of Toledo, recently lost their only son. He was nearing school age, and would have attended our school with his three sisters. I have not learned the particulars of the child's death.

Mr. Clifford Ellerhorst, after being out of employment in Cincinnati, secured work with the Dayton Last Company, and feeling sure of permanent work has moved his family to Dayton. Thus his son, James, and daughter, Ruth Belle, will be nearer to their school.

The Ohio State Fair is the big event for Columbus this week, and from all appearances, it is being well attended despite the depression.

To show how little some people (hearing) know about the deaf I quote the following from an article in a standard magazine:—

"Deaf people are cut off from the world and they are in many ways far less fitted to carry on normal life than the blind." Surely the person who wrote that has never seen many deaf people—perhaps the writer is blind and has no idea of the capabilities of the deaf.

E.



# IOWA

REV. F. C. SMELAU'S ADDRESS, BEFORE THE IOWA STATE ASSOCIATION AT ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CONVENTION AT MASON CITY, IA., AUGUST 19-22, 1931.

## Ladies and Gentlemen:

I deeply appreciate your courtesy in inviting me to address this convention. You are celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of your organization's existence. Measured in terms of human lifespan, fifty years is a long time during which to have labored for the welfare and betterment of the deaf. That your association has functioned so long is praiseworthy. I congratulate you sincerely.

I am sure it would be interesting and inspiring to look backward over the half century of your labors, and recall the things you have accomplished, the hopes you have entertained, and the ideals you have striven for. Unfortunately, I do not feel equal to that task. There are others among you today, whose knowledge of your history is more ample than my own, and who could do justice to such a retrospect.

There is a delightful little story about Kermik Roosevelt, while his illustrious father was President of the United States. The family had all retired for the night; the White House was very still. Somewhere in the city a public clock struck the hour of midnight.

Into the sleeping president's room crept his son, Kermik, on stealthy feet. "Father," said he, arousing the sleeping man: "Sh-h-h! There's a man in the house!"

The fearless president bounded out of bed, instantly wide awake. At a single stride he reached a brace of pistols which he had used in the days of the Rough Riders.

"Where's the man?" he demanded, grasping a gun with determination. "Here he is, father! Right here! I'm twenty-one years old today!"

My friends, I admit that it is a long while ago since I passed my twenty-first birthday. And yet, in point of my experience with your State association, I realize that I am very young. It is the prerogative and the virtue of youth to be forward looking. Today, then, I will venture to look toward the future, and to things which I feel your association might reasonably hope to accomplish in the years before it.

There are numerous worthy objects toward which an association such as yours may labor. Perhaps it would be helpful to consider what some of the other State associations have been doing. It was my privilege to work more than twenty years with the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, and I had the honor of serving as its president also. This society is particularly conspicuous for the manner in which it conceived, founded, and maintains a Home for Aged, Infirm and Blind Deaf. Beginning in a modest way, its first home was located in a small town called Doylestown. As time passed, the peculiar need of such a Home became more and more apparent, and presently its capacity was insufficient to accommodate the number of worthy applicants for admission. A larger building was purchased in the suburbs of Philadelphia, at Torresdale, for the sum of \$50,000. An additional \$10,000 was expended in making suitable alterations and improvements. Today, on the lovely banks of the Delaware River, this Home is caring for upwards of thirty aged, crippled and blind deaf residents.

The question immediately presents itself: Where would these thirty odd unfortunate be if it were not for the Home? The probability is strong that a majority of them would have had to enter public almshouses. Their plight under such circumstances would have been truly pathetic. Handicapped throughout life by their deafness, such additional misfortunes as paralysis, blindness, or the loss of a limb, brought dependency upon them. Many of them labored during most of a long lifetime at humble but necessary tasks, doing their share of the world's work. As such, they maintained their self-respect and independence. Age and misfortune overtook them. Without such a Home, their declining years would have looked dreary indeed. They would doubtless have had to descend into the vale of life among the careless, shiftless, defective class that commonly comprises the majority of inmates of the public poorhouses.

Instead, they are living peacefully in the Home. They are among friends. They enjoy their own companionship. They maintain their self-respect. They have found a blessed haven wherein to pass their declining years in serenity and comfort.

Ladies and gentlemen, does not the picture of such a Home appeal to you? Do you not feel that it supplies a definite want?

It will be objected that the expense of obtaining and supporting such a Home would be beyond the means of a State association such as yours. Actually, it is not impossible. Nothing is impossible where there is sacrificial purpose and determination.

Men seldom know their capacity for achievement until they have united their endeavors toward a common end. Even now, in the South, the Dixie Association of the Deaf is directing its energies to founding such a Home, and already they have raised some thousands of dollars. That they will eventually succeed I feel assured. And I may add that the deaf of New England now have a Home. So do the deaf of New York State, Ohio and Illinois. Every such Home thus far established was, without exception, found to meet a genuine need. And where the need exists, the means will be found for meeting it.

Of course, the cost of maintenance is considerable. But let me assure you that the deaf commonly give of their means without stint. Frequently, they make large sacrifices. And why should they not. No man can foretell what adversity may overtake him, and when he himself may not suddenly be brought to face the prospect of an old age spent in unhappy dependency. Such a Home is a source of courage, for it robs life of one of its greatest fears.

There is another matter which I feel should receive the attention of every State association of the deaf. I refer to the compulsory education of deaf children. In the past it has been altogether too common to find the arbitrary wishes of parents preventing the proper instruction of deaf children in suitable schools. Numbers of such deaf children grow to maturity without the merest rudiments of an education. Happily, this condition is less common today. And certainly, with the splendid schools for the deaf we now have, such a state of affairs is inexcusable. But the fact remains that great pressure must often be brought to bear upon the parents of a deaf child, before they can be induced to enroll the child in school.

A few States now have a compulsory education law, applicable to deaf children. If your own State still lacks such a statute, by all means work to secure its passage. If it already has one, then be vigilant to see that it is properly enforced. The modern educated deaf-mute is a capable citizen, independent, self-respecting, efficient. But the deaf child whose education is neglected will certainly become a liability to the community in which he lives, and a discredit to organized society. The very handicap of deafness insures his inefficiency if education be entirely lacking. People who know little about the deaf may not understand these things. But you do understand them, my friends. By all means take whatever steps may be required to insure the best possible education of all the deaf children of this State.

There are other excellent projects which an association such as yours may reasonably entertain. Time will not allow the enumeration of them all, but I may be permitted one more suggestion. In Pennsylvania a deaf student who graduates from one of the State institutions may, under given conditions, matriculate at Gallaudet College and receive from the State a grant of several hundred dollars annually toward his college expenses.

At first inspection this may seem like charity, and be therefore objectionable. But a moment's thought will dispel that idea. The State, it should be remembered, commonly makes grants of money to the various colleges and universities within its borders in return for free scholarships to deserving students. But only the exceptional deaf student is fitted to pursue graduate studies in a college for the hearing. For the great majority of us, Gallaudet College is the natural institution of higher learning which we would want to enter.

Accordingly the State of Pennsylvania grants to deaf students from that State a substantial sum towards expenses at Gallaudet. Or the deaf student may even, under given conditions, enter some other college and still receive such a grant. I am firmly convinced that something similar to this plan should be adopted by every State in the Union.

By this plan many deserving boys and girls are enabled to acquire a higher education, who otherwise would be denied it through the inability to pay the costs. It likewise strengthens Gallaudet College, which still remains the only college for the deaf in the world. And need I say it, that if a liberal education is desirable for hearing men and women, it is much more necessary in the case of the deaf, who have an initial handicap of deafness to overcome before they can take their place in a workaday world. Society will ultimately be the chief gainer, in the increased usefulness which the educated deaf can place at the service of the community.

Right here allow me to make a pertinent observation. Singly, as individuals, you can hardly hope to accomplish projects such as I have outlined. But if you organize yourself into a harmonious association, they are well within the range of your achievement. Alone, you can do little. But there is strength, power, and influence in numbers. It is an understanding characteristic of the age in which we live, that men are learning at last the value of combining their energies and resources for the accomplishment of

great projects. No one man, for example, could build our railroads, finance our electrical industry, or manage our banking business. Instead, we organize into huge corporations. Where men once thought to stand alone, they now unite. The solitary knights of the dark ages, flaunting their plumes and clanking armor, were romantic figures indeed. The point is, however, that they accomplished exactly nothing.

"The knights are dust. Their good swords rust." is about all that the poet can say for them.

You too must unite if you hope to accomplish anything of real moment. Robinson Crusoe, on a desert island, was really a most remarkable individual. All by himself, he managed to accomplish quite a deal for his comfort. But he built no cities, organized no government, founded no hospitals, erected no public schools, printed no books, discovered no new conveniences, and left the world no better than he found it.

This is the age of Robinson Crusoe. We must pool our collective energies and resources, if we hope to contribute anything to the general good. That is why we, the deaf, should regard our various State and National associations as organizations worthy of our respect and support. An association of the deaf is a perpetual opportunity. You may cherish some great idea, feel some worthy inspiration, and yet be unable to realize it in concrete terms if you stand alone. But imbue others with the idea or inspiration and, lo! the destinies of hundreds, perhaps thousands, are changed.

It is for this reason that I ask you to consider an organization such as the National Association of the Deaf. Organized in 1880, it has striven ever since to achieve definite projects. Some of its aims have been attained; others have been approximated. All its ends are, need I say it, worthy. Concisely, its objects have a two-fold aspect: it aims to familiarize the public regarding the needs and the capabilities of the deaf; and it seeks to help the deaf themselves to fill their proper place better in organized society.

No need there be any conflict between your roles as members of a state association and as members of the N. A. D. You will find that your State Association can function best along local lines, while your membership in the N. A. D. will give you a share in those matters which are of more national import.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the attention you have given me. I appreciate your courtesy. You have my sincere good wishes for the success of your splendid Association during the years still to come. May you accomplish great and lasting good, both for the deaf of Iowa and of the nation.

Note.—After the above address was delivered I discovered that the State of Iowa has a Compulsory Education Law for deaf children, and the State also makes a grant of financial assistance for deaf graduates of the School for a higher education.

F. C. SMELAU.

## Syracuse, N. Y.

Up where the quiet waters of Georgian Bay merge into the white-capped billows of Lake Huron, where the sun goes down in a blaze of glory at the close of a perfect day, making a picturesque panorama which no artist's brush could fittingly depict, where one can rest in peace and quiet, far removed from the noise and confusion of a large city—that is where the writer spent a most delightful vacation of two weeks. Georgian Bay is dotted with many small islands, and if one can believe the veracity of advertisements, there are upwards of 30,000 islands in that region, but although we saw islands on every hand, we think the imagination of some people is overreached. But is a very wild and beautiful part of Canada, well worth the long trip, especially for those who enjoy quiet and rest. We also took a look at the National Exposition at Toronto, which was wonderful in every way, and speaks well for the industries of Canada.

The frat division of Syracuse will hold a corn roast at Baldwinsville on September 13th, at the summer home of Messrs. J. F. Keller and Allan Pabst. A large crowd is expected, as these corn roasts are popular among the deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Houze and children have returned to Syracuse, after a two months' visit at the Benedict home near Port Jervis, N. Y.

Mrs. Ella Dorn is spending her vacation of two weeks with a daughter in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Keller have exchanged their house on Didamo Street for a larger place on Beard Avenue, and will move about September 12th.

Mrs. George Root and son, Rev. Robert Root, of Hamlin, have returned to their respective homes from a trip to northern Canada.

Mr. George Root and daughter spent Labor Day with Rev. Root at Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sears were recently summoned to Pittsfield, Mass., by the serious illness of Mrs. Sears' mother.

The latest addition to the deaf auto owners in Syracuse is Rev. H. C. Merrill. He is sporting a fine Willys-Knight car.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Freeman, of Chicago, are spending a few months at Tomahawk Lake in Minnesota. Mr. Freeman is a victim of hay fever and goes there for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Will Garwood, of LaPorte, Ind., is spending some time in Chicago at 7504 Stewart Avenue. This is another time ye scribe has put one over on the Chicago correspondent.

PTTIT SINO.

## CHICAGO

Only a \$35 fiver. Vintage 1923. A rickety-rickety rickshaw. But it completed 6,500 miles since leaving Gallaudet College on June 11, when it bore two crack Gallaudet writers into town, August 30. Coasting from coast to coast—the comical cynosure of critical congregations—"Bouncing Betty" bore Bill Lange, Jr., a Senior from Albany, N. Y., and Angelo Maccono, a Junior from San Pedro, Cal. A joy-jant of High Hearts and Romantic Adventure; a dream come true. A \$35 fiver.

"Gallaudet College," "Washington, D. C. America's Back Yard," "San Pedro to Albany," "Re-elect Hoover." These are a few of the typical collegiate designs decorating that debilitated, dilapidated, dilatory and discreditable dregs-o'-doom, their cherished chariot. The rear seat of the touring car is crammed with assorted camping impedimenta. "Bouncing Betty" they apply style here; it bounced me around on a tour of the town so that my innards will never feel the same again. Sailing, snailing, adown aristocratic Boule Miche, a tire went flat. The jack was broken, so Lange—a 165-lb. sub-tackle on the college football team—grabbed the axle bare-handed, raising and holding it while Maccono replaced the tire with a spare that must have seen service at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Maccono is better known by his pen-name of "Andy Mack," college correspondent of this JOURNAL. His given name of Angelo is Italian for angel, and an angel-faced little cherub he proved. The powerful Lange won this year's annual alumni award for having the best story of the year in their college monthly, *Buff and Blue*. "College Boys—They Would," it was titled. Clean-looking, clean-talking, discussing cultural topics in cultured terms, the pair made a distinctly favorable impression on Chicagoans. If those two rightly typify the average Gallaudet undergrad, then present-day youth measures fully up to the high traditions of the past; and our national organizations, can depend on suitable backbone and future leadership.

Making their \$35 asthmatic relic stand service that would cripple an ordinary car, the two kids drove from Gallaudet to California and back at surprisingly low cost. They worked three weeks in the Kansas harvest fields, then toured the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert. They walked up Pike's Peak to save the \$5 toll imposed on each person using the autroad. Describing their adventures with unusual sagacity for youngsters, they expressed appreciation for casual contacts with more prominent personages of Deafdom encountered enroute: Their return trip from California was made in 13 days, including stops in Texas, Nebraska and Iowa. The best day's drive was 397 miles. Heavenly-day; think of 397 miles in an out-moded rattletap, equipped with glee-wheeling features and collapsible tissue-paper tires!

Lange and Maccono dropped in at the Pas-a-Pas Club, oldest independent club for the deaf in America; the Chicago Motor Club, and the Home for Aged Deaf—where Matron Mable was able to size-up the calibre of young folks at the college here talented daughter enters as a freshman this month. After spending Sunday night with the Meaghers, they left early Monday for Pennsylvania and Albany.

Their main purpose here was to meet and size-up the outstanding deaf athlete of the day, George "Whale" Wagonia—fourth best schoolboy javelin-thrower in America. However the "Whale" was playing on the Chicago Silents against the Dixon A. C. at 99th Street and Indian Avenue—and at the rate "Bouncing Betty" was coughing and spluttering, they would have reached the ground by Christmas. They say there is a chance Ringle may return to Gallaudet this fall after all; in which case, teamed with the "Whale" and Illinois' speed-marvel, Jimmie Ray-hill, Coach Hughes' team may even lick the Quantico Marines November 6th.

Grand President Arthur L. Roberts of the Frats was the only Chicagoan attending the Golden Jubilee of the Iowa State Association at Mason City, August 19-22. He addressed the 250 members on general affairs of the deaf. Bobs states the *Gazette* there gave columns and pages to the doing, well illustrated. The reporter on *Gazette* assigned to cover the convention, proved an old college-mate of Supt. Skyberg, and consequently gave what is probably the best write-up

ever accorded a state convention of the deaf by the hearing. The members evinced their appreciation by shelling out to give the reporter a \$15 fountain pen.

They are telling a good one concerning Bremmer, one of the Lutheran flock, who died recently from Bright's disease. Seems about a year ago, he bought an old Ford for \$10. Patience and mechanical skill persuaded the veteran vehicle to chug and chortle around town for six months. Finally a policeman caught him. Stepping out of his venerable relic, Bremmer waved a haughty hand to the cop: "You can have her," and walked away.

That was the last seen of the car. Bremmer explained to friends: "City and state licenses would cost me \$18; the car only cost me \$10; so I am \$8 ahead by giving the car to the cop. Anyway, I got six months' use out of Hank Ford's Brainstorm using last year's license. Yes, I'm dumb—like a fox."

This was handed in by a volunteer-writer, who begs us to use it just as written. Glad to oblige:—

On Saturday evening the fifteenth instant, about forty people responded to the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave A. Anderson to a most enjoyable entertainment, given on their ten-acre estate in the vicinity of Arlington Heights, Ill., which affair did not end until late Sunday afternoon, when the guests reluctantly dispersed after partaking themselves of a most elegant dinner, dexterously prepared by the hostess, assistant, Mrs. Dahl—their minds being ineffectually saturated with fond memories of the glorious pastime!

"The whole estate was thrown open to the guests' own pursuits for pleasure and frolics, as well as relaxation, throughout the period of their stay. Even the huge-looking barn—which once housed the harvest of several hundred acres of agriculture and the needs of large live stock—was the scene of many a wearied guest groping for tranquility."

Miss Enid Halligan, oral student of Parker Practice High School, was touring all over Colorado, taking in Wyoming on the way, where the well-known annual rodeo was staged. It was well over three weeks when she returned with her father, sister and some relatives to Iowa and stayed at both Davenport and Lone Tree, their home town. Although Miss Halligan has finished her freshman course and could have started the sophomore year at Parker Practice High School this fall, it was learned that she was undecided as to whether to come back to Chicago or remain to go to the Davenport school. This possibility was greeted with expressions of dismay and forebodings hereabouts, with the added tone of hopeful expectancy that, after all, she would remain loyal to Chicago that has given her the best education. Despite her youth, she is highly regarded in the oral circles.

Throughout the summer, who would get-up at 6 A. M. every Sunday, except when it rains, and play tennis? Waite Vaughan and George T. Eccles, both north siders, ought to be the Sabbath sunrise winners in the net field. They have been at it around Belmont Harbor, behind the outer drive, this summer, and are still driving the ball.

Frederick Hinrichs returned to Chicago from Round Lake, Mich., after six weeks' vacation, August 22d. During this time he caught only seven fish. Then at a church picnic on August 26th, he played a bowling match and won the first prize—a fairly expensive fishing rod. Oh the irony of Fate!

Apparently there is no let-up in the entertaining which Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Jacobson had been called upon to perform during the whole of August. Here they come: Benjamin's cousin from New York City, then his sister from Ironwood, Mich., and finally Mrs. Jacobson's sister with her two children from Cincinnati, O. They have developed, it is to be expected, proficiency in guest parties.

An unidentified woman, about twenty-six years old, was killed by a Big Four passenger train near Hammond, Ind., last week. According to witnesses, she walked on the tracks regardless of warning bell and whistle. Her relatives were called and identified the dead woman as Miss Hulda Brackhall, who was deaf and dumb. A valise of soap was scattered, which indicated that she was a soap peddler.

Mrs. F. A. Martin tendered a farewell party for her old friend, Mrs. James Gibney, who intends to leave Chicago in the near future to make her home with her married son in Kansas or Texas.

Rev. Rutherford concluded his teaching tour at Elgin, Ill., Tuesday, August 25th, and then came back to Chicago for one week's stay. He preached at the M. E. Mission, Sunday, August 30th, with a good attendance.

A small number of deaf people enjoyed themselves at a lawn party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sharpnack, Saturday, August 29th. F. E. Stryker lost his oldest brother by death recently.

The annual lawn party and "500" bunco party was given by Chicago Council, No. 1, C. K. L. D., at the Ephpheta School for the Catholic Deaf, Sunday, August 30th, with a

went to the school fund. Half of the proceeds big attendance. Half of the proceeds

Mrs. Washington Barrow, wife of the Grand Old Frat, gave a luncheon for her old chum, Mrs. Fred Hartung, now visiting town from Wyandot, on the 27th.

Some 150 attended the annual Lutheran picnic on the 29th. The Washington Barrows had two tables of friends at cards, the same evening.

Mrs. Gus Anderson gave a send-off chicken dinner to eight friends on the 30th, at the Anderson farm some 30 miles away. They have rented the farm after making extensive improvements, and will return to live in Chicago so their boys can attend high school here.

David Padden has been working his car overtime since returning from Boston, where he was Chi-first alternate. He and Joe Miller weekend in St. Louis on the 22d. At Labor Day the men drove to Minneapolis with Mrs. Myrtle Sweet, Dave's sister-in-law, and Mrs. Helen Riordan, both of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Two teachers in the Ohio school, Miss Ethelberg Zell and her brother Ernest—spent over a week here with Mrs. Arthur Meehan, following a motor trip to Santa Fe and the Carlsbad Caverns, which later they proclaim the eighth wonder of the world. The Zells declined innumerable luncheon invites, preferring to explore the fourth largest city in the world, while the weather held good.

After several years on the South Side, the Ben Ursins have followed the prevailing trend to the Northwest Side, and are now living in Logan Square. Misses Betty Ponschinsky and Beda Erickson board with them.

The Ralph Millers gave a birthday party to Miss Emma Maser on the 22d, which some two dozen attended.

Mrs. Arthur Johns (Henrietta Wilkins), of Nekeosa, Wis., spent two months visiting friends and relatives in Indiana and Chicago.

Arthur Shaw is taking a course in shoe repairing at the Guyas Trade School, planning to buy his own shop. Mrs. Linda Brimble is back after three weeks in Detroit, where she vacationed with her son and grandson.

Max Himmelstein lost his mother August 17th.

## WISCONSIN NOTES

Mrs. E. W. Walker, a resident of Delavan for a number of years, passed away quite suddenly while on a visit with her son at Wisconsin Rapids, last Saturday morning. Although she had not enjoyed the best of health during the past few years, her death came as an unexpected blow to her relatives and friends.

In 1902 Mrs. Walker was elected to the State School for the Deaf at Delavan, Wis. Her maiden name was Martha Tompkins and she was educated at the high school at Westfield, Wis., where she was born, and also at the Superior State Teachers College. Upon graduation she became a teacher in the Westfield public schools. She was promoted to the high school assistantship, where the principal was E. W. Walker, whom she married on December 16th, 1887, before they went to the Wisconsin school as superintendent and matron.

The State school will be opened Wednesday, September 9th, with its officers and teachers remaining on the same duties as last year, with the exception of three teachers who are absent.

Mrs. Paul Humphrey, of Bridgeport, Wis., has been appointed matron to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. Agnes Godders. She has filled similar positions in other State institutions in Wisconsin and comes here well qualified for the duties and responsibilities of matron.

Three new teachers have been added to the teaching force. Their names are Mrs. Helen Thomas, who is to teach in the oral department; Miss Leona Austin, who is to take the place of Miss Brockman; and Miss Inge-bord Severson, of Stoughton, Wis., who will teach the deaf-blind in the place of Mrs. G. Myers (Bray), who left to keep home for her husband.

## COLORED DEAF

Mr. W. R. Thomas left recently for his former home in Alabama, where he expected to remain until after Labor Day.

Mr. L. R. Bates was suffering with his "grinders" last week, which caused his jaw to swell almost twice its natural size, giving the impression that it was a case of the mumps.

Mrs. Hattie Odom has moved to 46th and Langley Streets, where she will be pleased to greet her many friends.

Miss Annie Sledge, who has been residing here for some time, left our midst last week for her former home at Gary, Ind.

Miss Loretta Howard was accompanied by Mrs. Sommers recently to the Loop, a sightseeing, as the former is a newcomer here. She was greatly impressed with the sights and wonders of the city. Miss Howard, being a well-educated young lady, was shown a copy of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and expressed great pleasure and thought it a splendid deaf paper.

## THIRD FLAT.

3348 W. Harrison St.

## FANWOOD

On account of the continued prevalence of infantile paralysis and upon the recommendation of Dr. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, that the opening of the public schools be postponed, our Board of Directors have deferred the start of the Fall Term at Fanwood until Tuesday, September 22d. Notices to the effect have been mailed to all the parents of the pupils, and to the teachers and others connected with the Institution.

When the pupils and the teachers return they will find some changes in the vicinity of the school, especially at the corner of 165th Street.

There are steam shovels at work, air compressing machines whirling along and rock drills hammering away, while now and then there is a roar when the dynamite charges are set off. Most of the top soil has been removed, but there is a stratum of solid rock that has to be blasted up and removed in ponderous trucks that come and go all day long. With traffic signs advising the passing motorist to be quiet in the hospital zone, one wonders how the patients stand the ceaseless din right next to them. But the excavating work must go on, and in due time another tall structure will arise and become the ophthalmic unit of the great Medical Center.

Further up Fort Washington Avenue the approaches to the new bridge are nearing completion. The bridge has been officially named the George Washington Bridge, and it is expected to be opened for traffic in October. The guard rails are being put in place on both sides and the concrete roadway has been finished. The tall towers are having the crown pieces put in place, which makes them some fifty feet higher.

The Washington Heights Chamber of Commerce is busy with plans for the formal opening, and, no doubt, the cadet battalion and the whole school will be invited to participate in the ceremonies.

Miss Mary M. Burke has been granted a year's leave of absence, in order to take a course of study out West. Mrs. Maude Nurk, a graduate of Columbia College, is to substitute for her.

Miss Katherine S. Dean was married during the summer. She will return to us under her new name.

Miss Lenore W. Martin, B.S., of Fond du Lac, Wis., has been engaged as Art director. She has been connected with the public school system of Wisconsin, teaching in the elementary and high schools.

Miss Katherine Walton, of Morgan-ton, N. C., who taught here during 1928-29, is to return to us this fall.

Several of the pupils remaining at school were fortunate to see the huge flying boat, Do-X, pass by on its exhibition flight over the city when it arrived here, and again when it went up the Hudson to inland points.

The printing office is very busy this week getting off a sixteen-page brochure containing the report of Townsend & Dix, Certified Accountants, who went over the Institution's books. It is somewhat complicated for typesetting, as it has plenty of tabular matter.

Major and Mrs. Van Tassel spent the week-end holidays by the seashore down at Belmar, N. J.

Three new tutors have been added to the girls' staff. They are Miss Iva Ward, who hails from Maine, and Mrs. Hunter, of Brooklyn. Mrs. Randall is back with us again, she being the former Miss Hartman.

Miss Mary Muirhead, the pupils' matron, started on the last lap of her vacation on Thursday, September 3d. She is to spend a week at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Cadet Louis Fucci has joined the printing office force for the rest of the school term, taking the place of Cadet Leon Auerbach.

Cadet Louis Johnson will be reported for the Fanwood column when the fall term begins.

The heavy rains almost daily have left the lawns too soggy to work on, so Gardener Peter Egger turned to the paint pots and has given the Institution delivering wagon a new coat of paint. Being a true Irishman of Swedish descent, he selected a deep green for the body, with a dull rose tint for the wheels and trimmings.

Mr. A. A. Cohn possesses an automobile, has owned it for a couple of years, and he and his family have derived much pleasure visiting the interesting places within a couple of hundred miles of the city.

Two weeks ago he was approached by a friend who wanted him to bring his family home from Golden Ridge, N. Y., sixty miles distant. Mr. Cohn followed the route faithfully, but when he came to a crossroad, he took the wrong road, and had gone about twenty miles before he discovered his mistake. He finally got there. There were five, besides his wife, with him. That is not all, the baggage was heavy and bulky, and he had to pile some on the top of his car and an old car at that, but he got the party home intact without any mishap.



## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TO THE COAST AND BACK

To begin with this log, we left Toronto at 9:30 on the evening of August 22d, on the Canadian Pacific Railway Transcontinental Limited, "The Dominion." After our train had started and everything had been prepared for the night, we dozed off into the waiting arms of Morpheus, trusting in a kind Providence and the experienced train crew for a safe journey. On thundered the train on the first lap of our long trip, drawn by two powerful moguls of the latest type. There were fourteen coaches on this train, including two pullman sleepers, two buffet parlor pullmans, two pullman diners, and the rest tourist parlors. At about one in the morning, we felt a sudden stop, and peeping out through the window, found the train crew had stopped for a midnight lunch at McTier, somewhere in the rugged regions of Nipissing. Again snoozing off, we slept on until four-fifty that morning, when we awoke to find ourselves in Sudbury, one of the greatest nickel smelting and quartz mining centers in the world. This part of the country is rock-covered and mineral-laden. Proceeding westward, we came upon the beautiful Windy Lake and many other similar bodies of fresh water that run almost parallel with our line of travel through to Lake Superior. At Cartier, we halted for refreshments, and what a beautiful place it seems to be, so snugly nestled in this rocky region. At Amyot, the traveler is able to get a close-up view of the many seaplanes which the Ontario Government maintains in the protection of its thousands of square miles of valuable standing timber. On we sped on this crack flyer through the rocky and wooded country, that is infested with big game that lures many a hunter from afar. Deer, moose, bears, wolves, and similar animals, roam about these wastes in utter abandon. Now we roll into White River, famed throughout the country, so often being mentioned as the coldest spot in Canada in winter time. Here your reporter and Mrs. Roberts alighted and took a few minutes' stroll up and down the platform and found the air very cool and invigorating. This town is some 560 miles northwest of Toronto.

Continuing on, we next come to Peninsula, a cosmopolitan hamlet studded with Indian wigwags of every description. This is the first place we strike as we come upon the shores of Lake Superior, the largest fresh water lake known. As our train stopped for a few minutes at this place, the eyes of all the passengers were centered on the red-skins with waxen, braided hair. Now we traversed the whole north shore of Lake Superior, from Peninsula to the far-famed and unsurpassed fishing waters of the Nipissing River. This course well deserves its so-called name of the "Pioneer Snake Trail." Winding around many a rock or curve, plunging into the darkness of many a tunnel and skirting many a deep, hair-raising chasm, which by a slight break of a rail or a jump of a wheel, would plunge the whole train and its precious freight of human beings thousands of feet below into certain eternity. Leaving the shore line, we plunged into a fertile plain of verdant green foliage on all sides, until we pulled into the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William at 9:30 that Sunday night, after a continued all-day fast run from Sudbury. These cities are located at the head of Lake Superior and are noted for their great shipping facilities and for their great elevators. Millions and millions of bushels of grain pass through these ports every year, from Canada's unsurpassed wheat belt of the vast prairies, to all parts of the world. On leaving these cities, we again tucked ourselves away for another doze in slumberland, and woke up again to find ourselves in the beautiful town of Kenora, formerly known as Rat Portage, but we saw no rats there, except upon some of the fair sex. This pretty spot is the home-town and district represented by the Hon. Peter Heenan, the first Canadian Minister of Labor ever elected on a straight labor ticket. After hundreds of miles of travel through rock and rill, we now traverse the open spaces of wheat-laden fields for miles out on all sides, and continuing on to Winnipeg, where we arrived at 8:15 A.M. on Monday morning on Central Standard Time, where we remained for a couple of days with relatives.

### IN WINNIPEG

We regret we did not see our old friend and former schoolmate, Mrs. Annie McPhail Cook, for she was away holidaying at Winnipeg Beach. We had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Clarence Pettipiece and Hugh Lonsdale in the Eaton post office, where they are employed. We had a good, long conversation with these jolly chaps, and afterwards, the former conducted us through the general post office.

We motored out to the newly-built Manitoba School for the Deaf, situated a little way outside the city. It is a

really magnificent building and built of gray Manitoba stone, and, from an outside point of view, resembles a great lordly castle, as often seen in the old land. We regret we did not see Superintendent and Mrs. Rodwell, as they were out when we called.

On Hill Street and a few doors from where we were staying with relatives, there lives an aged deaf man, named Mr. George Smithers, and he makes his home with his hearing sister, Mrs. George Bowser. Although Mr. Smithers has never attended an educational institution, he can get along fairly well by the use of the sign manual, and your reporter had a nice chat with him and found him very eager to master the signs. Mr. Smithers is seventy-eight years of age, and was born at Park Hill, Ont., and lived there until coming West several years ago.

In the opinion of the writer, the Manitoba School for the Deaf, from an outside point of view, seems to topple the Ontario School for the Deaf in regard to size and beauty, but we regret we were unable to get an inside survey of its make-up, but we have been told by many who have thoroughly looked it over; that its interior is a marvel of beauty and comfort. The only regret is that its methods are more inclined towards pure oralism than the true and proper way of teaching the deaf. The after-effects of its pure oralistic teaching have already been noticed and bitterly condemned by both the deaf and hearing public. We regret that, as our time of stay here was so short, we were unable to call and see many more of our deaf friends in this city, as was our wont. Mrs. Clarence Pettipiece and daughter were away on their vacation, and Mr. Herbert Lonsdale is now working in Windsor, but we were able to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Christian Horn, whom we found in fine spirits. One thing that impressed us so much was the exquisite beauty of the Horn residence, which Mr. Horn built for his own. It was a wonderful bit of workmanship and a credit to Mr. Horn's mastermind.

We left Winnipeg at nine in the morning of August 26th, for Regina, Sask., and our course was through a vast country of harvested grain that was being thrashed here and there in the open.

### IN REGINA

We arrived in Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, at 5:10 P.M. the same day we left Winnipeg, and upon our arrival, were invited right away to tea by Mrs. Jessie Calder on Thirteenth Avenue, and how glad we were to meet our old schoolmate again after an absence of over thirty years. Mrs. Calder, who was formerly Miss Jessie Brown, of Mount Forest, Ont., has changed much in appearance since we last saw her, but still retains her old time vigor and versatility. She has a charming family of four children, all grown up. Two boys and two girls, and the youngest son, Gordon, is married, while Wilfrid is living in Kirland Lake. The two daughters, Beatrice and Dorothy, are trained nurses. Dorothy is in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Beatrice lives at home with her mother. The four children are thoroughly conversant in the sign manual, though possessed of all their faculties.

Miss Minnie Skeriton, of this city, was at Bechar, Sask., for a week lately, visiting her schoolmate, Miss Anna Buffum, and had a lovely time out there.

On learning that Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, would be in Regina and her guests on the evening of August 26th, Mrs. Jessie Calder sent an invitation to Mrs. Noah LaBelle, at Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., to come in and meet her Toronto friends, and what a happy meeting it was between these four. Mrs. Calder also invited Messrs. George Grant and Joseph Seidler, and the Misses Minnie Skeriton and Bertha Hawkins, and all had a lovely time together. Mrs. LaBelle remained as Mrs. Calder's guest for several days.

Mr. Louis Halprin, who came out from Russia several years ago and settled here, was up in Watrous, Sask., for a week lately, visiting old friends.

Miss Bertha Hawkins, of Lipton, Sask., was a guest of her chum, Miss Minnie Skeriton, in this city, for a week lately.

Messrs. Joseph Seidler and Walter Molinsky recently motored out to Watrous in the latter's car, where they had a good time. They were accompanied on the return trip by Mr. Louis Halprin.

In Regina there are many things that interest visitors, and one in particular is the way the streets, running north and south, nearly every one of which bears the name of some city or town in Canada. For example, there is a Peterboro Street, Ottawa Street, Hamilton Street, Winnipeg Street, Lindsay Street, Kitchener Street, and so on. In this way it is easy to locate a place.

We all sympathize with Mrs. Jessie Calder upon the sad passing away of her beloved father, Mr. Neil Brown, who crossed the eternal abyss in Mount Forest, Ont., a few weeks ago, in his eighty-fourth year. It was all the more distressing because Jessie was unable to go down and attend his funeral. Mrs. Calder lost her husband on Christmas Day over seven

years ago, and his body is buried near Lipton, Sask.

Miss Dorothy Calder, a trained nurse, attached to the Brooklyn, N. Y., General Hospital, was lately home for several days to see her mother, Mrs. Jessie Calder, and sister and brother here.

Mr. Robert Hanson, whom your scribe and Mrs. Roberts were pleased to meet, has been employed at the R. Simpson Co., for the past twelve years, and is still working there. Mr. Louis Halprin is also employed by this company.

More anon.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

A man will tell a hundred friends about a fortunate speculation, but he won't even tell his wife about his losses.

### Many Reasons Why You Should be a Frat

**BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D.** Meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City, on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested, write Nicholas J. McDermott, Secretary, 1567 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, John N. Funk, 1913 Fowler Ave., Bronx, New York City.

### Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, first Fridays. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Louis C. Saracene, 686 St. Ann's Ave., Bronx, New York City.

### Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturiz, Secretary, 988 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y. Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-thirty. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

### Cleric Literary Association

Founded September 22, 1865. 3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members. Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms. Arthur Fowler, President; William H. Lipsett, Secretary, 3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer.

### Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn. Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn. Irving Blumenthal, President; William Schurman, Secretary, 1700 Carroll Street, Brooklyn.

### St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City. Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar. Beginning Sunday, June 14th, the services at St. Ann's will be held at 11 A.M. through the summer. No afternoon services until next September.

Office Hours:—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

### Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th Street, New York City. Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Jacob M. Eblin, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

### Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

**SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS**  
October 31—Hallowe'en Party. Mrs. E. Schnakenberg.  
November 21—Harvest Food Sale. Mr. C. Fitzpatrick.  
December 26—Christmas Festival. Mrs. C. Fitzpatrick.  
Mrs. CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Chairman.

### Evangelical Assn. of the Deaf

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.  
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.  
Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant.  
Every Sunday  
Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets. Room 15.  
Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

### Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

### PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

4802 Broadway  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
Out-of-town visitors are welcome. Business meetings—First Saturdays. Entertainments, Socials, Receptions—Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays. Room open Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

### FOURTH ANNUAL

## MASQUERADE BALL

Under auspices of

### NEW HAVEN DIVISION, No. 25

N. F. S. D.

### MONTEWESE HALL

210 MEADOW ST., NEW HAVEN, CT.

Saturday November 21, 1931

Doors open at 7 P.M.

CASH PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES

DANCING.—Music by one of the best local orchestras

Admission, 75 Cents. Under 14 Years, 40 Cents

### APOLOGIES TO SOME—GOOD NEWS TO MANY

Owing to our inability to secure a hall for Saturday, October 31st, large enough to accommodate the ever increasing attendance at our affairs, the committee announces the date of

Friday Evening, Oct. 30, 1931

as the

## HALLOWEEN EVE DANCE

of

### Bronx Division, No. 92

N. F. S. D.

to be held at the gorgeous and spacious

### NEW ARMAGH BALLROOM

165 East 55th Street, Cor. 3d Avenue  
New York City

Directions to Hall.—By 3d Avenue "L" get off at 53d Street. By Lexington Avenue Subway, get off at 51st Street

Admission, — — — 55 Cents

GAMES — PRIZES — SOUVENIRS

THE COMMITTEE

E. Malloy, J. Collins, J. Clerico, G. Everding, A. Ederheimer, J. Sobel.

### SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds  
168 West 86th Street  
New York City  
Correspondent of  
LEE HIGGINSON & COMPANY

Plan to have gold in your pocket when there's silver in your hair!

Don't say, it's a bother or that you can't afford it. You don't know!

Let me show you the best life insurance investment you will ever get.

No extra charge for deafness. Free medical examination.

### MARCUS L. KENNER

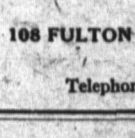
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We carry a full line of Ladies and Gents Watches, American and Swiss made.



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Silver Cups, Medals, Badges, etc.

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Reserved

BRONX DIV., No. 92, N. F. S. D.  
December 19, 1931.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

### SILENT MOVIES

(Photographed by Sal Anzalone)

H. A. D. Rye Beach, Hess Indian Beach, Ride to Gallaudet Home, Xavier Ephpheta Society at Long Beach, Ridgewood Club at Bear Mountain, Brooklyn Frats at Ulmer Park, Trenton and Westchester's Football Game, etc.

Sunday Night, October 11, 1931

AT  
Tavern Hall, 308 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TIME 5 TO 8 P.M., ALSO 8 TO 11 P.M.

Admission, 25 Cents

### THE

FANWOOD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

will have a

### CARD PARTY

"500" and Whist

Saturday Eve., October 24, 1931

AT FANWOOD

163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue

LYDIA RAPPOLT, Chairman.

### Dramatic Entertainment

under the joint auspices of

W. P. A. S. -- Men's Club  
V. B. G. A.

St. Ann's Auditorium

October 17, 1931

[PARTICULARS LATER]

Reserved for  
BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23  
Saturday evening, March 13, 1932.

## BALL and BAZAAR

under the auspices of

### St. Mary's Ephpheta Society of Connecticut

to be held at

### ST. PETER'S HALL

MAIN STREET, HARTFORD, Ct.

Saturday, September 26, 1931

7:30 o'clock P.M.

Admission, 50 Cents

How to REACH THE HALL:—When you come out of the R.R. station, take any car or bus going in the direction of the city. Get off at corner of Pearl and Main Streets, in front of Alderman's Drug store, where all cars and busses stop. Walk across Pearl Street. Stand near the big clock at the corner. Take a Zion Street car, or Wethersfield Ave. car, or Franklin Ave. car, or Park Ave. car. All will stop in front of St. Peter's Church (a large, brown brick structure), near a small park. St. Peter's Hall is to the right of the church.

## F A I R

under auspices of

### Woman's Parish Aid Society

to be held at

### ST. ANN'S PARISH HOUSE

511 West 148th Street, New York City

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

November 13 and 14, 1931

HOME COOKED DINNER, SATURDAY

6 to 8 P.M.

Admission, 10 Cents

ANNA M. KLAUS, Chairman.

## "FROLIK NITE"

under the auspices of

### Hartford Divison, No. 37

N. F. S. D.

to be held at

### ODD FELLOWS HALL

420 Main St., Hartford, Ct.

Saturday, October 24, 1931

Doors open at 7:30 P.M.

WALTZ CONTEST CASH PRIZES  
ENTERTAINMENT ORCHESTRA REFRESHMENTS

Admission, — — Fifty Cents

Under 14 years of age at half price

IT'S GOING TO BE A JOLLY AFFAIR FOR YOUNG AND OLD

## MASQUERADE and BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

### Manhattan Division No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

TO BE HELD AT

### ODD FELLOWS MEMORIAL HALL

309 Schermerhorn Street, near Nevins Street  
(Heart of Brooklyn)

### SPECIAL FEATURES

Cash Prizes for the Most Funny Costumes  
Most Represented Club Contest  
Most Popular Girl Contest  
Dancing Contest

Saturday Evening, Nov. 21st, 1931

TICKET (In advance) 75c. At Door \$1.00

Directions:—Take any I. R. T. train to Nevins Street Station or any B. M. T. train to DeKalb Avenue Station.